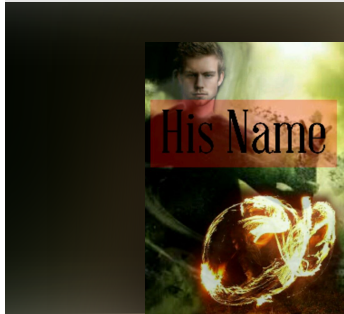




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His Name



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Chapter 1 by Rodríguez Ortiz Ra

We stood there facing each other, the meeting had begun and we, the soldiers, needed to guard the entrance to the Scarlet Hall. He looked mad and I knew he wanted to be anywhere but there. Once a month the colonels meet in the Scarlet Hall and they used a lot of names, names that needed to be protected so all the soldiers needed to be placed all around the 200 doors to the big dome. The army was so extended that I had never worked directly with this soldier and I was perplexed. He got dark black eyes and dark black hair, his cheekbones looked strong, like white hard marble. He had a tattoo under each one of his eyes, a dagger on his left and a flame on his right. I assumed his name controlled fire and I was more curious, I had never meet a soul that could control a flame. On the other hand, I was just named after a flower and no one needed to know that.

Chapter 2 by Spirit



Names, here, were very powerful things. A name was your identity, your being. Your name contained every fiber of your soul, it contained who you were. No, not the names that your parents gave you at birth. However, it wasn't one of those cheesy 'true name' things either. Here, a name was something that was acquired. It was something that you developed, that you

nurtured. A name was something that you earned over the course of your life.

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Although names were very powerful, you could still manipulate them. If you had someone's name, you could manipulate them. Dark, strange and

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twisted magic. That wasn't the extent of it though. If you acquired the name of someone that wasn't alive anymore, you could bring them back.

That's what happened to me that day. I don't recall exactly how it happened. However, I found his name. It was scrawled down on a small piece of paper that someone had stuffed in the pocket of my uniform. I had read the name. Nothing happened for a while, and I just thought that it was a bunch of gibberish. Suddenly, though, everything changed. I felt drowsy, and I just passed out on the job.

Everything was black, and then that's when I saw him. There was nothing, nothing but blackness, and him. His hands were burning, and he turned to me.

Chapter 3 by Emerald, Eternal Madman



"You called me. Never say my name." I'll think it, then. Kasertanium. I can't fully grasp it. A duality that continues itself. One creates the other, which creates its creator. "Alright. Noted." I get up. "Come on, we need to get to the meeting." "We're not allowed inside!" "To guard it, stupid." "Oh, right."

I hear things on the other side of the door. I hear, "If we do that, he'll have our heads!" "Not to mention the damage he'll cause on the way to us!" "So, it's a no, then?" "Were we not clear on that?" "Very well then. I bid you adieu." One of them exited the door right then, and placed her hand on Kasertanium's shoulder, saying, "You know what to do." When the hand was removed, a mark was left there, and he said, "Of course." That woman... who was she? His eyes are ablaze now, he enters, and draws his sword. I try to stop him, only to be tossed aside like a ragdoll. I can only crawl my way over... The p.a. shouts, "Intruder alert!", and all the others rush in, and I watch, he strikes them down and steps over their ashes. One stands longer than others, and is greeted with my fate, to watch, and as he prepares to strike the Colonels, and one whispers something, and he stops in his tracks. Stopping to look around, he, with a shocked face, says, "Oh, god, I did this..." "What was your first clue?" He shambles out. "Well, good that's dealt with. The madman and his agents are clearly more deeply entrenched than we initially thought."

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Chapter 4 by Emerald, Eternal Madman



What kind of monstrosity must this 'Emerald' be, his name being capable of unthinkable torture? Kasertanium comes to me, and says, "Come on, we have to leave." I forgot where I was for a moment there. Back to the barracks, I guess. I just don't know where to go from here. It's not like I could take on the guy who's name just tortured me. If that's what the name is capable of, I can't even begin to imagine how powerful the actual person is.

As I'm about to enter the barracks, the colonel that left the meeting faced me, and said, "Excuse me, but we need to talk." Crap. There's no getting out of this rut now. Looks like I'm being dragged along for the ride.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

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